



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

28005 e. 199

171

A NIGHT

ON THE

BANKS OF DOON,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

"Gently scan your brother man."—BURNS.

PAISLÉY:
PRINTED BY JOHN NEILSON,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

MDCCCXXXVIII.



TO

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER, PAISLEY,

THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A

MARK OF THE ESTEEM IN WHICH HE IS HELD

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has said of book-making, that by far the most difficult part to write, and the last of the performance, though placed first in order, is the Preface. The reason is, that a Preface is expected to give some account of the work, and is generally intended to conciliate the critic, and to introduce the work to the world with the best effect for procuring the public favour: two things which, of all others, are most calculated to puzzle an author's brains.

But as "brevity is the soul of wit," so must it be with respect to my Preface. Suffice it to say, I had no idea of publishing till very lately. In January, 1837, I wrote an Ode for Burns' Anniversary, and had rehearsed it with some applause in the limited circle for which it was intended. For the present year's meeting, I had determined to prepare another Ode; when, in the twilight of a beautiful evening in Autumn last, while traversing the pleasure ground in front of Ferguslie Place,* (the romantic

* Those who recollect what Ferguslie was in the days of *Mary Sproul*, and visit it now for the first time since that period, must be struck with astonishment at the great change that taste and perseverance has effected on a spot, which, in the days alluded to, pre-

residence of Mr. Barr of Drums) a favourite haunt of Tannahill, it occurred to me, that an imaginary dialogue between Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, might be a good subject for an Anniversary Address. I prosecuted the idea, and the result has been, "A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF DOON." Its length precluded it from being delivered at any public meeting; but several of my friends having seen it, they advised me to publish it.—I have acceded to their wishes.

My fellow-townsmen, Tannahill, (whose songs still hold a high place amongst our national lyrics) in offering his work to the world, introduced it by stating, that his greatest ambition was to be considered respectable among the minor

sented a succession of bare rocks, broom, furze, and brambles. Where *Mary's* house stood, a tastefully ornamented villa has sprung up, before which spreads a level lawn, adorned with many kinds of exotic plants, alternating with those that are indigenous to our own country. Two beautiful artificial sheets of water enliven the scene, on one of which an elegant boat has been placed, so that at Ferguslie, walking may not only be enjoyed in perfection, but an afternoon's enjoyment may be diversified by an aquatic excursion on the very spot, where, a few years ago, barren rocks abounded. The approach from the east has been cut through the "Whinny Knowe," a ridge of rocks, which have been left (on the sides of the road) in their natural state, and into the recesses of which Mr Barr has inserted, with his usual good taste, rustic chairs, which are in excellent keeping with the scenery which surround them.—Tannahill's "Kibbockstane" and "Whinny Knowe," both on the Estate of Ferguslie, have been adorned by Mr Barr; the only compliment yet paid to his memory.

poets of his country ;—so say I. But whether this my humble production, as it must be held, compared with his, shall be found in any degree to justify my fond expectations, the public alone must determine.

At one time, I thought of adding notes of reference to the characters introduced into a "Night on the Banks of Doon ;" but on reflection, I have not done so ; for, to the reader of poetry any such would be unnecessary, Burns' characters being too well known to require pointing out.

Finally, should any learned critic cast an eye over this little volume, let him bear in mind, that it is the production of an unlettered mechanic.

PAISLEY, January, 1838.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF DOON :	
Part I.	9
Part II.	32
Lines on Burns' Anniversary, 1837, ...	65
Lines Written on Visiting Cruickston Castle, ...	70
Warriors, ...	74
The Grave, ...	76
Epistle to D. M., Paisley, ...	78
To my Wife, ...	84
Lines to the Moon, ...	86
Ronald and Ellen, ...	89
Beware !	112
Inscription for a Drinking Cup, ...	114
Lines Written on a Young Lady, ...	115
Age and Youth, ...	118
Gold <i>versus</i> Fame, ...	122
Lines Written on Reading Lander's Voyage down the Niger, ...	125
Morning, ...	129
Thursday Night's Complaint, ...	130
To a Bride, ...	136
The Old Man's Soliloquy, ...	138
I wadna gie the Witching Smiles, ...	142
Finlay, ...	143
The Young Hero, ...	145
The Scottish Exile, ...	146
O, no ! Jamie Lad, ...	147
On the Martyrdom of General Riego, ...	149
A Soldier's Name, ...	151
Calder Glen, ...	152
Anna, ...	153
Now Night her Sable Cloud has spread, ...	155

A
NIGHT
ON THE
BANKS OF DOON.

PART I.

'Twas night, when from the town of Ayr,
I bent my steps I wistna where ;
But fate, or chance, or else the moon,
Led me to where the brig o' Doon
Holds o'er the stream its ancient form,
Despite the spates or sweeping storm.
The winds were hushed, the gliding stream
Reflected back the moon's pale beam ;
The painted flowers surcharged wi' dew,
Glanced back its sober lustre too,
And greedy owls intent on prey,
Screamed forth an inharmonious lay.

Pleased with the scene, on Doon's fair banks,
I sought a place to rest my shanks,
And muse on nature's darling, Burns,
And man's ingratitude by turns ;
On him whose pen was winged with fire,
Whom sage and peasant must admire,
While nature, or her handmaid art,
Have influence on the human heart !

Yes, Burns ! Thy name will gild the age,
Which saw thee o'er creation's page
Cast thy far-seeing eye, and scan
The devious ways of mystic man,
Then paint their portraits in thy book,
On which the latest age may look,
And wonder that a mortal hand,
Could passion paint in tints so bland.

The fool, the knave, the man whose heart
Spontaneous acts the generous part ;
The prude, coquet, and the severe,
Thy magic hand has made appear

In colours ignorance may trace,
So strongly hast thou marked each face.

The timid maid, whose side-long glance,
Her opening charms serves to enhance,
Beneath thy plastic hand is seen,
Start forth ! confessed creation's queen.

Th' oppressor may the oppressor see,
In "*Man was made to Mourn*," when he
Who begs for leave to toil, must brook
Th' insidious taunt, the freezing look,
Which speaks as plain as words can do,
" Begone ! what do I care for you !"
His proud heart fain would tell the knave—
I was not born to be a slave ;
I beg not of your goods, I scorn
To bend to man or woman born ;
These hands have still my wants supplied,
Your riches I have ne'er *envied*,
But Nature tells me I've a claim,
(And Nature's an impartial dame,)

On the rich produce which she yields,
Despite your scorn or guarded fields ;
You never bent to till the soil,
Your vestments are another's toil ;
Without the aid of such as me,
The grave would soon your dwelling be—
Poor helpless imbecile, whose power
Would wither like a blighted flower,
Had men the honesty to say,
Too long we've brooked the tyrant's sway ;
The loathsome vampires must have blood,
Their own will stain the crystal flood,
Ere frugal industry again
For bare existence strive in vain ;
Yes ! know, proud man, the time will be,
When worth will mark the man and *thee*,
And every tyrant else to worth must bend the
knee !

Thoughts such as these would swell his breast,
Now with deep grief and care oppressed,
But Prudence whispered, "be resigned,
Your wife, your children, bear in mind,
The tyrant's blow may reach your home,
No shield may ward it but the tomb ;

The toiling honest man who dares,
To hold his head erect, and bears
An independent front, will find
He knows but little of the kind,
Who hold this world's goods, if he
Expects the pampered worms to see
Respect his virtuous bearing ; no !
The groveling slave, whose ready bow,
Whose simpering smile and soulless face,
Would barter conscience for a place,
Alone the tyrant's smile may gain,
The good man's scorn, and nature's stain.

Thus undisturbed I musing lay,
Regardless of the hour or way,
Which stretched between me and auld Ayr,
(The wale o' towns for killing care,)
When distant voices smote mine ear,
And unfeigned laughter, loud and clear,
Called viewless echo from her rocks,
Who glibly the approacher mocks,
Repeating aft their laughs and jokes.

B

The voices loud and louder grew,
And echo grew more dinsome too,
And hoarser brawled the rushing stream,
The owls, too, screamed a louder scream ;
Till half alarmed I sought a shade,
Wi' brushwood and wi' holly made,
Where I might see, and not be seen,
Whoe'er might pass the sloping green,
Which stretched between me and the stream,
Still glittering 'neath the moon's pale beam.

I scarce had gained my place, when lo !
Betwixt me and the river's flow,
Twa figures ; ane a stalwart wight,
Frae 'mang the trees came clean in sight,
The ither was o' lesser size,
And if I could believe mine eyes,
I aft had seen the very pair,
Or some folk like them to a hair ;
But when, or where, I could na tell,
Their presence struck sae like a spell
On a' my senses, that I lay,
Mair like a lump o' lifeless clay

Than ony living thing ; yet still,
 I gazed as ane possest, until
 The twa, as fate would hae't, cam' near
 To where I showed the passion, fear,
 Better than Kemble e'er could boast,
 When first he saw old Hamlet's ghost ;
 Or Kean, when he in Richard saw,
 His murdered victims ane and a',
 The curtains o' his conscience draw,
 And heard them utter sharper words,
 Than aught he feared in Richmond's swords.

But that which maist my wonder raised,
 As frae my hiding place I gazed,
 Was in the twa, I saw as plain
 As e'er I saw Clohodrick stane,*
 (And reader I'm no gien to banter,)
 That prince o' farmers Tam o' Shanter,
 And Souter Johnnie was the ither,
 Sworn foe to care, yet friendship's brither ;

* A huge druidical stone in the parish of Kilbarchan.

But what could be the twa's intention,
I own was past my comprehension,
Unless to shaw a brither *birse*,*
Something he might again rehearse.

Now, critics, dinna toss your nose,
And try to make the world suppose,
That ye alane ken truth frae lies,
And what work will the public please,
Its nocht but fudge; there's mony a book,
On which your learned eyes ne'er look,
Will mair o' common sense infuse
Into men's minds, than maist reviews
And magazines that I could name;
Tho' ane would hae, the trump o' fame
Belanged exclusively to them;
That immortality stood ready,
Like some despairing ancient lady,
Who ne'er had swamped her father's name
In matrimony's hallowed flame,

}

The author belongs to the *craft* as well as Johnnie.

To whoe'er would mak' the attack,
Wi' goud and siller at his back;
For weel we ken, the critic tribe
Can make black white, gie them a bribe.

“ Whence this digression ?” You shall hear ;
Methinks the critic tribe may sneer,
And gaping ask, “ How could ye ken,
The twa frae ony ither men ?
The story's false, for we'll be sworn,
They baith were dead ere ye were born.”

Now that's the critic's craft, but I
Will prove, their microscopic eye
May sometimes wander from the right,
And see things wrong, *all* else see right ;
I'll tell them that a chiel ca'd “ THOM,”
Has snatched the bodies frae the tomb,
O' Tam o' Shanter and his crony,
That pink o' coblers, Souter Johnnie ;
And by some process only known,
To those whom genius marks her own,

Has stamped, "UNFADING!" on their forms,
Protection sure 'gainst fell corruption's worms!
Frae Burns' graphic pen he drew
Their forms—and all can tell how true!
I've seen the twa I here declare,
Within the ancient burgh o' Ayr;
And there they stood, near where I lay,
O'erwhelmed wi' wonder and dismay;
Trembling, yet wondrous glad to see,
Twa chiefs of sic' celebrity.

Joy sat on either face, and mirth
Was there, to give young laughter birth,
And moombeams brighter on them fell,
Than art could paint or tongue could tell.

"Guid saf's," cried Tam, "can it be true,
That we're the first?" Wi' that he threw,
His clear blue eye adown the glade,
And keenly all around surveyed;
When lo! emerging from the wood,
Aboon where these twa worthies stood,

A motley, merry group, were seen,
Thrang pressing onwards to the green,
On which so much o' moonlight shone,
You'd thought it slept on it alone.
"Od ! here they come," cried Tam, " prepare
To greet them wi' our noblest air ;
Queer Rankin leads the van, and on
His back he bears John Barleycorn,
Safe in a cask's capacious womb,
O'er which nae social soul will gloom ;
And Hornbook he brings up the rear,
Wha'll find we need nae physic here."

Scarce had he spoke, when on the sward,
The whole creations o' the bard,
On whom I had been musing, broke,
Wi' merry laugh, and gibe, and joke ;
And 'mang the group fleet Cæsar ran,
Nor grudged that he was less than man,
While honest Luath's kindly nature,
Made full amends for "*scrimpit stature ;*"
In fact, nane blither seemed, I ween,
Nor bounded lighter on the green,

Than the "Twa Dogs," whose observations
Stand foremost o' our bard's creations.

Reader, you possibly have read,
O' some lone wanderer from the dead,
Appearing full before the sight
O' some poor solitary wight,
Near where a churchyard's gloomy yews,
With solemn awe the soul imbues ;
His bristled hair, wide-staring eyes,
And spell-bound tongue, which speech denies,
Declare how deep his inmost soul,
Feels terror's palsying controul.

Just such a one I lay, yet still,
My eyes could never drink their fill ;
I eagerly surveyed each motion,
With as intense and deep devotion,
As pilgrim e'er viewed hallowed shrine—
But fear the basis formed o' *mine*.

The Jolly Beggars a' were there ;
The sprites that o'er the brigs o' Ayr
Preside, had joined the merry throng,
And lightly footed it along,
Unmindful of their former jars,
When Burns o'erheard their wordy wars,
And airily swept o'er the green,
As if of mist their forms had been ;
Their robes the streamer's transient glow !
Their tones soft music's rapturous flow !
The hardy Thistle's form waved o'er,
The sprite who Ayr's auld banner bore ;
While roses, shamrocks, thistles, shone
On her young neighbour's azure zone ;
Yet friendship smiled in either face,
As side by side they took their place
Amid the group, now ranged around
A pole, with various emblems crowned,
On which was traced full many a story,
Of Scotland's worth and Scotland's glory.

Here Wallace led a gallant band,
Devoted to their native land,

Before whom fled a dastard crew,
Who thought our country to subdue ;
Till Wallace rose and thundered, “ No !”
And clenched it with a freeman’s blow.

Beside it hung an emblem, fraught
With deepest grief’s oppressive draught ;
A godlike man appears in chains,
Who like a god his fate sustains :
While round him crowd in countless throng,
Our nature’s spawn, to whom belong
The infamy which still shall stain
The annals of King Edward’s reign,
Who meanly dared, in pride of place,
The noblest of the human race
To sacrifice, because his sword
Taught Scotsmen, that a foreign lord
Would never o’er their native land
Bear rule, while he had heart or hand.

Another banner proudly waved,
Which deeply my attention craved ;

Tumultuous carnage bathed in blood,
Swept on like a resistless flood ;
Horseman and horse encountering fell,
And discord deemed her native hell
Had been transferred to earth ; thick flew
The barbed darts ! the twanging yew
Lent its elastic strength to send
The sorrow to the heart, and rend
With lightning's speed, and lightning's play,
The mystic union—soul from clay.

Amid the conflict, I could spy
A gallant chief, whose eagle eye
Sought o'er the field where best his arm
Could work his foe the deepest harm ;
A battle axe his right hand bore,
On which sat death begrimed with gore,
While round him dead and dying lay,
All who had marred his onward way.

With grief the adverse chiefs surveyed,
The havoc 'mid their squadrons made ;

And fiercely rushed to stem the tide,
Which threatened to o'erwhelm the pride
Of haughty England, and to spurn
Her proud array from Bannockburn,
Covered with infamy and shame,
And branded with the hated name
Of cowards! "No, we will not yield,
D'Argentine yet keeps the field,"
Exclaimed the chiefs; then onward pressed,
And with deep energy addressed
Their fainting troops: "Ho! honour's bed,
Was never won by those who fled,
Let's teach the Scots that England's fame,
Shines in a sphere too high for them."

Th' obedient troops fresh courage take,
And a despairing effort make;
But Bruce's axe was in his hand—
And round him spread his native land,
And gallant hearts were in his train,
Resolved their freedom to maintain,
And Scotland's banner to display,
Despite oppression's iron sway.

Then England's vaunted prowess quailed,
Then freedom's dauntless sons prevailed !
And Bannockburn to mankind tells,
That where the love of freedom dwells
Within the breast, the tyrant knave
May see his blood-stained banners wave
O'er wasted lands, but will his power
Maintain itself one little hour
O'er free-born hearts ? Yes, tyrants know,
The ready arm and deadly blow
Lye in abeyance ; see they rise,
And retribution from the skies
Appears, and from the earth's fair face
Sweeps off the soul-detested race,
And liberty's broad ensign waves,
Above the tyrants' hated graves.

And other emblems graced the pole.
But time forbids to mark the whole ;
Yet there was one which told a tale,
Which wrung the heart with woe and wail,
That I must not pass o'er ; it told
What seared my heart-strings to behold!

A bloated priesthood rank with power,
Swept o'er this land in evil hour,
With gory murder in their train,
Whom meek-eyed mercy begged in vain
To stay their ruthless deeds ! The maid,
Whom common fiends would love to aid,
The infant smiling at the breast,
The mother who had lately pressed
The blue-eyed cherub, vainly try
To melt their iron souls ! their cry
O'er Claver's rugged face would spread,
A smile so ghastly, yet so dread,*
That even his friends (have devil's friends ?)
Would trembling wonder what his wrath portends !

Such troubles did our father's know !
And can it be believed, their woe

* It is recorded of Claverhouse, that when thwarted in any of his measures, his countenance assumed an expression so demoniacal, that even his associates in crime shrunk appalled from his presence.

Gave pleasure to those Prelates' joy?
For when was ever known to cloy
With blood, the priests, when men assail
The creed on which they smoothly sail
A-down life's wayward stream? All wars
Spring from a fiendish source; each mars
The social intercourse which binds
In friendship's bonds congenial minds,
And shakes o'er earth a blasting sword—
Meet emblem of hell's dreaded lord.

But what are other wars compared
To those where Priest's right arms are bared,
To force on men their party creeds?
Mere bagatelle; a soldier's deeds,
Though rude, may sometimes win the praise,
That lives in gentle poet's lays,
But when our ghostly father's lead
The war, in vain may mercy plead.
No soul-ennobling action sheds,
A ray of glory round the heads
Of those who wage a holy strife;
Their cry is still, " War to the knife!

Destroy, annihilate, nor spare
The glossy locks, nor hoary hair;
Lay waste the lands, that men no more
May dare their Maker to adore ;
But as to them permission's given—
Our way's the shortest road to heaven !'

And Scotland felt through all her veins,
The horror which a land sustains,
When Priests (those men of peace !) poured o'er
Her hapless soil, from shore to shore,
Fiends in the shape of men, whose hearts
Were deeply versed in devilish arts,
Whose joy sprung from another's woe,
And virtue ever found a foe.
Yes ! well our rugged glens can tell,
The dreadful sufferings that befel
The covenanted of our land,
Who dared 'gainst prelacy to stand,
And nobly suffered every ill,
Rather than bend to tyrants' will.

Soon as the Sabbath morn would rise,
The mountaineer in simple guise,
Would to some rendezvous repair,
To hear and pour an earnest prayer,
That He, who measured out the skies,
And spread o'er earth its varied dyes ;
Who spoke, and straight the glorious sun
Starts forth ! its splendid course to run,
Scattering dark chaos and old night
Before its cheering, heavenly light—
Would in his tender mercy hear
His children's plaint, and wipe the tear
From every eye, and peace restore
To an oppressed land, and o'er
Men's stubborn hearts with grace preside,
And teach them never to confide
In earthly potentate, whose power
Is transient as a summer shower ;
Whose justice interest can bend,
Whose vengeance none can comprehend ;
Whose boasted strength ere evening's close,
May wither in death's cold repose.
His power, his pride, his regal sway,
Wrapt in a lump of lifeless clay.

And see them in their wild retreat,
As round the holy man their seat
They take, devotion in each eye,
Yet stern determination nigh,
To worship God as conscience bade them,
And God alone they sought to aid them.

And long the night of terror reigned
O'er Scotland, yet our sires maintained,
Amid the gloom of that long night,
The faith that haughty England's might
Assailed in vain ! The dawn at last
O'er Scotland an effulgence cast,
Which told her enemies, their home
Must be regained, or else a tomb
Ignoble on her soil would rise,
Unmarked by love or pity's sighs,
O'er every one who dared to bind,
In hated thrall a Scotsman's mind.

But many were the woes that fell
On our brave sires, ere they could quell

The ruthless vengeance of a foe,
Whose vengeance aimed a deadly blow
At soul-ennobling liberty !
But soul-detested Prelacy
Quailed 'neath the Presbyter's keen sword,
And meanly, with its guilty lord,
Sought in base flight a coward's fame,
And left our ancient land the name
She long has held, and still shall hold
Till Time himself is worn and old—
Of giving to her foes a grave,
O'er which her thistles proudly wave.

PART II.

INDIGNANT strains, alas ! too long
Have kept us from the merry throng
Who gamboled 'neath the moon's pale beam,
On Doon's romantic classic stream ;
Your pardon, Reader, then I crave,
And I will study to behave
Myself as any author should do,
Or doubtless *you* in my place would do.

Around the pole the group were placed,
Where joke and laugh each other chased,
And merry faces seemed to say,
To-night let us be blythe and gay,
And in good Ferintosh drown care,
That he may vex the earth nae mair.

Then Tam o' Shanter rose, and all
The group, obedient to his call,
Were quickly seated on the ground,
Amid a stillness as profound
As if no living thing were nigh
To breathe a solitary sigh.

" Friends," thus bawled Tam, " I'm glad to see
Before me such a company,
A' met to honour our creator,
The noblest bard that ever nature,
From her capacious womb, sent forth
To teach the children of the north
That Scotia's hills, and Scotia's glades,
And Scotia's love-inspiring maids,
Are as deserving of the praise
That lives in the true poet's lays,
As those who live 'neath cloudless skies,
'Mid varied Nature's richest dyes ;
And Burns has pictured forth our land,
In tints so graphic, yet so bland,
That every land has hailed his name
As brightest in the roll of fame.

Whoe'er such magic colours threw
Around the cottar? Morning's dew
Falls not more softly on the flower
That blooms beside a lady's bower,
Than on the soul his words descend,
And with our varied feelings blend.
Then let us give this night to mirth,
And dullness strangle in its birth.
Ye Jolly Beggars tune your throats,
And warble forth the merry notes,
Ye sang langsyne in Pusie Nansies,
When whiskey kittled up your fancies,
And which Burns printed on his pages
For benefit o' future ages.
And now, you lasses ane and a',
I hope you will your metal shaw,
By adding to this joyful night
Your soft endearing charms, that light
Men through their mazy, wayward lives,
As blushing sweethearts, or as wives
That share their woes, that share their pleasures,
And is at home their only treasures.
Then let us all our voices raise,
With heart and soul to sing his praise,

Who gave to each a deathless name,
And twined it with his universal fame."

Loud plaudits followed Tammie's speech,
The noise I'm sure auld Ayr did reach,
Glib echo, frightened 'mid her rocks,
Nae mair repeats their noisy jokes,
But flies beyond Brown Carrick hill,
And leaves the group to roar their fill.

The plaudits o'er, the Souter rose,
And tried his features to compose
To something like the gravity
Which we in public speakers' see,
And thus began : " Ye social souls,
Are we to sit like moping owls,
Without a single drap o' drink
To which our senses we might link,
And blend them in such sweet confusion,
That every ill would seem delusion ?

Na, na, my lads; that maunna be,
For, faith! John Barleycorn we'll pree
Before anither speech is made,
So friends you hear my say is said;
For, sure as I was bred a cobbler,
I hate lang speeches, drunk or sober."

A louder plaudit greeted Johnnie,
Than greeted his loquacious crony;
For every individual's drouth,
Could testify how great the truth
That Souter Johnnie had just spoken,
And by this overpowering token,
They all were dry—and well they knew,
The cask contained pure "mountain dew,"
Made in defiance o' the law,
And which nae gauger ever saw.

Tam hotched and leugh, and stared at Johnnie,
Then swore aloud, "There is nae mony
Amang the goodly company
I hae the pleasure here to see,

Would sooner second Johnnie's motion
Than I would do ; faith, my devotion,
To keep the glass gaun merrily,
Has led me into mony a spree
As weel's the ane that Burns has noted,
And which ye a' sae aft hae quoted,
'Bout Alloway, and thae auld witches
Wha're but a pack o' menseless bitches,
That's guid for naething on this earth,
But marring o' their neighbour's mirth,
I hope nane here will ever see,
The wrinkled hags, if sae, may he
Hae guid strong drink within his noddle
And then he needna care ae boddle,
(As Burns has said) for a' the witches
Ere rode a broom or lap o'er ditches ;
But I maun stop ; the Souter's dry,
And, without li'en, sae am I."
Anither round o' hearty cheers,
Assailed the noble farmer's ears ;
But I could guess, the hindmost line
To them appeared the maist divine,
It reached so soon their inmost parts,
And glowed so warmly in their hearts,

D

That, simultaneously, the crew
High in the air their bonnets threw,
And uttered forth a cheering soun',
So loud, that all the fish in Doon
Fled from the river in sic haste,
As if by sharks they had been chased;
Nor rested till they reached the sea,
The only place were sharks can be.
All eyes now turned upon the barrel,
Where Rankin, perched just like a squirrel
Out o'er a kist o' hoarded nits
Wha's sides it fain wad seen in bits,
That it might on the prize within,
Luxuriate in a weel filled skin;
Just so did Rankin wish to see,
The talk-engendering barley-bree,
Transferred from the rude cask's embrace,
Safe to some more congenial place;
And mony kindly bosoms glowed
Wi' sympathy, that would have stowed
As much within its ample round,
As would have any toper crowned
Lord of the whistle, which, you know,
The Danes to this land long ago

Sent o'er, to show our Scottish youth,
The mighty depth of Denmark's drouth,
And teach them, when laid 'neath the table,
That Odin's dauntless sons were able
To blow the whistle, and to swill
A goblet to their country's weal ;
For when was e'er a Danish Lord
Afraid a cork or yet a sword
To draw, if love, or honour made 'em,
Or secret inclination bade 'em.
In ancient times, from Denmark's shore,
Where northern seas lash Elsinore ;
The roving Danes would proudly dare
The perils of the deep to share,
And seek in Scottish vales a home
From whence they might no longer roam.

But Danes soon found a Scotsman's sword,
Was always quicker than his word ;
And with reluctance left a land,
They could not force to understand,
How happily those nations feel,
Who to marauding bandits kneel.

Sick of the sword, yet still intent
On conquest, Denmark forthwith sent
A Knight, well skilled in deep carouses,
To drive the Scots (not from their houses,
For that they knew they were not able)
Inglorious drunk beneath the table.
“ Then sound,” thus ran the order, “ Sound
This whistle, till the rocks around
Reverberate great Denmark’s might,
When in great Bacchus cause they fight.”

But when did e’er a Scotsman blink
A contest, when the strife was drink ?
No sooner was the gauntlet thrown,
Than each one eyed it as his own,
And vowed aloud, the Danish whistle
Would quail before the Scottish Thistle ;
And so it did : the Danish Knight
Forsook our land in woeful plight,
With muddled head, without his aim—
Reft of his whistle and his fame.

And Scotland still the relic owns—
And Burns has sung, in stirring tones,
How good Craigdarroch took the field,
And Ferguson, ne'er known to yield,
Resolved the whistle to obtain,
Or ne'er touch rosy wine again.
Glenriddel, whose forbears had won
The prize from Denmark's haughty son,
Wi' hearty welcome met the pair,
(Their souls congenial to a hair)
And vowed he was right glad to see them,
And what would stretch their stay he'd gie them.

Their errand told, Glenriddel rose,
And for the precious relic goes ;
Then soon the ample table spreads
With wines, which a rich fragrance sheds
Around the heart ; Craigdarroch's eyes
Turned eager on the envied prize,
And e'er his potent senses reeled,
Had fairly from the hard fought field,
Inglorious sent his feebler friends
To the repose which soft sleep lends.

And now on this auspicious night,
Craigdarroch and the gallant Knight
O' Maxwellton, were to be seen
As blythe as ony on the green,
Dispensing smiles and racy jokes,
Which honest cheerfulness provokes.
The good Glenriddel, too, was there,
Wha's heart had never harboured care ;
But if the whistle had been brought,
I'll swear they wadna lang hae sought
Amang the group, for ane to try
Wha hindmaist frae the glass would fly.
" Come, broach the barrel," every tongue
Proclaimed aloud ; the welkin rung
With the loud shout, then quickly round
The ring, the cheering whiskey found,
Without a hindrance or grimace,
A ready grave in every face.

Then brighter flashed the wit ; each eyed
With pride how swift the glasses plied
Around the circle, spreading o'er
Each face a joy ne'er felt before :

Friends grew more friendly, laughter ran
With open face from man to man.
On every tongue a volume lay,
Which all seemed eager to display,
But not one had a single ear,
Disposed his neighbour's crack to hear.

“ Hallo !” roared Tam, I crave attention
For a few minutes, while I mention
How Captain Henderson proposes
To qualify the fearfu' doses
O' usquebaugh, which some are drinkin',
And which will quickly send us blinkin'
To blanket bay, unless we eat
To fortify oursels, some meat,
Which will the fumes o' whiskey lay,
And the *blue devils* hold at bay ;
There's haggises prepared in plenty,
And kippered fish by way o' dainty,
And lots o' famous Dunlop cheese,
Which might the greatest gourmand please ;
In order, then, each take his place,
And Holy Willie will say grace.”

With joy the social circle heard,
The proffered viands were prepared,
And round in order took their seats,
While Holy Willie slow repeats
A grace, I'm sure, as lang's a tether,
And which the Souter thought a blether,
And good for naething that he knew of,
Save keeping folk within the view of
The meat, which little prologue needs,
Things which our Souter seldom heeds,
Especially when hunger pressed
All thoughts, save eating, from his breast.

No sooner did the word "Amen,"
Announce the grace was at an en',
Than saint and sinner in a crack
The smoking dishes swift attack,
And ply their work sae weel, that soon
Each knife and fork, and cutty spoon,
Were journeying in haste between
The ready mouths and platters clean;
It seemed as each had lost his tongue,
Or silence o'er the group had flung

Her witching influence, and spread
O'er every heart a secret dread
Of breaking on the ear of night
A single joke, howe'er so bright.
The Jolly Beggars hands hung o'er
The well filled plates, and quickly bore
The reeking treasure to their maws,
O'er which their graceless, eager jaws,
Dwelt with as much delight, as if
It had been got by *stouth* and *rief*;
Even Holy Willie did his best,
And from the bottom of his vest
Undid some buttons, that the cargo
On which he had laid an embargo,
Might not be forced to travel back
For want of room, the very track
It had so lately travelled o'er;
Faith, Willie, rather would sent more
The self same way, but that he feared,
The food possession had endeared,
Again would see the light, and bound
In curved lines from the profound
Of his capacious chest, and turning
Anticipated joy to mourning.

But why describe the feasts of one?
None seemed the savoury mess to shun,
Each ample credit did the cook,
Nor did the billies overlook
The "reaming swats;" ah! how much better
Than penny wheep, o'er which we clatter
On winter nights, when comrades meet
And kindly ane anither greet,
And o'er pap-in, the latest news
Discuss, and what may be the views
O' the three parties in the State,
On the important deep debate,
Which occupied *the House* three nights
In settling o' the people's rights;
If they durst give their shawls for corn,
Which from a foreign land was borne
By gentle breezes o'er the tide,
On which walks proudly Britain's pride;
Bidding the nation's quiet keep,
Or thunder would convulse the deep,
And sulphurous clouds the sky deform,
More dreadful than the whirling storm.

The teeth now tired, the tongue began
The feelings of the inner man
To represent, in terms so glowing,
As spoke a heart at once o'erflowing
With gratitude for mercies past,
And wishes that they long might last.

The fragments quickly were withdrawn,
By magic, or some slight o' hand ;
For in a trice the place was cleared,
And Hornbock Holy Willie jeered
About returning thanks, when Johnnie
Arose, and asked, " Pray, is there ony
Amang the group can play the fiddle ?
If so, quick make the bow-string striddle
Across the catgut, and we'll see,
Wha in this jovial company
Will suffer his twa legs to rest,
For me, I swear, I'll do my best,
Out o'er the green to dance and skip,
And clap my hands, and laugh and trip,
Frae jig to hornpipe and strathspey,
As fast's I'll read the A B C ;

And faster, too, and wi' mair pleasure,
For reading, faith, I ne'er fand leisure."

Then forward stepp'd a "pigmy scraper,"
(Wha's chiefest joy lay in a *caper*,
Or dancing bout, and well he knew
The present was a dancing crew ;)
The vera ane wha wi' the "Beggars,"
In Poosie Nansie's felt love's daggers
Warm in his heart, shot from the eyes
O' a virago, whose huge size,
A striking contrast formed between
The twa*, as love had ever seen ;
And thus began poor Tweedle-dee :
" If't please this goodly company,
I'll do the best to wake the strings,
Appollo o'er the fiddle flings ;
And trust me, mony a bonny maid
Has danced fu' lightly while I played,
And sae I hope you will do here,
Ere these green glades morn's livery wear."

* For the truth of this assertion, see Burns' "Jolly Beggars."

The lasses lap baulk height wi' joy,
Their pleasure seemed without alloy,
And wantonly skipped o'er the lawn ;
When, from an auld green bag, was drawn
A fiddle, on which age had set
His teeth, to mark it was in debt
To time at least an hundred years ;
And ah ! how many thousand ears
Have listened to its cheering strains
O'er which triumphant death now reigns.

“ But, stop,” cried Tam, “ ere we begin
To wallop to the scraper's din,
Let rowth o' whisky punch be made,
And due devotion to it paid ;
And I'll be sworn ye'll dance the lighter,
And lasses pawkey e'en glance brighter.

A hearty round o' loud applause,
Tam's motion from the party draws ;
And soon the reeking punch is brought,
And quickly o'er each willing throat

E

The mirth-inspiring liquor glides,
In a rich gush o' full spring tides,
Diffusing joy o'er every heart,
And adding wings to Cupid's dart.
Then soon arranged upon the green,
Each lad and lass in pairs were seen ;
Love wantoned in their beaming eyes,
And mirth her ready aid supplies,
To give that vigour to their heels
Which sober dullness never feels.

Then o'er the strings the fiddler drew
His fiddlestick ; the dancer's flew
In mazy figures o'er the green,
O'er which still hung the beauteous Queen
O' night ; and never did her rays
Fall upon blyther heads ! the blaze
Of harmony and social mirth
Ne'er brighter glowed on this cold earth,
Than on the spot on which I gazed,
Wi' feelings " rapt, inspired," amazed ;
Here some drove on the dance, while ithers
Held social intercourse, sworn brithers

To fun and frolic whereso'er
These *light-o'-hearts* deign to appear,
And fun and frolic owned that night
They ne'er saw care in sic a plight.

While thus wi' unfeigned joy they ranted,
And maidens mou's were freely granted
To hair-brained chieles, a gentle breeze
Bore slowly o'er the half-seen trees,
A thin white mist, which stopped as soon
As it had reached that part o' Doon
Near where our worthies held the spree,
That fortune fated I should see.
Unmoved it hung, and yet the crew
Ne'er dreamed that aught was in their view
Wortny their notice, yet my eyes
Were fixed upon the varying dyes
The mist assumed, when lo ! it thinned,
As if a gently stirring wind
Had entered its light form, and spread
Its fleecy wreathes along the bed
O' rushing Doon : I marked it well ;
But ah ! my pen can never tell

The half o' what I felt, or feel
Even yet ; my very senses reel,
When o'er my mind the vision steals,
And to my sight again reveals,
The glories of that wond'rous hour
Which baffled art or nature's power.

Some unseen hand the veil withdrew,
And in the midst appeared in view
A group of figures genius claimed,
And 'mong her choicest favourites named,
On shadowy couches, round whose heads
Green laurel boughs a glory sheds.
How did my heart dilate with pride !
How swiftly did my life streams glide !
When Scotia's bards in splendour bright,
Appeared before my ravished sight !
And Burns ! yes, Burns ! was there, whose eye
Surveyed with pride the progeny
His ever-teeming fancy bred ;
And over which his genius spread
Such rainbow colours, that old time
Will see them ever in their prime,

Fresh as the leaves of flowery May,
When glistening in the morning's ray.

Beside him stood great Scott, whose hand
So nobly shook the magic wand,
That distant lands attention lend,
And o'er his wizard pages bend,
Depriving Morpheus of her right
Of reigning o'er the long dark night,
And spreading on the wings of fame
The glories of old Scotia's name.
Among the forms I marked a youth,
Whose face beamed innocence and truth,
Intensely gazing on the scene
Where joyous merriment was seen,
Thrang dancing, drinking, singing, roaring,
And [★]Scotia's native songs encoring ;
Bright beamed his eye, his brow bespoke
The energies which first awoke
In his young breast that thirst of fame,
Which quenched not, till he fixed his name
Beyond where dark oblivion lours,
Above the reach of envy's powers !

Few were his years, but many a woe
And tear in a brief period flow !
And genius' sons oft feel the smart,
Which rankle deepest in the heart !
While underneath a leaden skull,
Securely sit the brainless dull !

And Ferguson, (for it was he
I gazed on with such extacy)
Thy modest mind but ill could brave
Adversity's o'erwhelming wave,
Nor knew aught of the supple wiles
Which gain dame Fortune's golden smiles ;
Thy pen no servile flattery knew,
But independence kept in view ;
Tears follow thy pathetic lines,
And laughter with thy mirth entwines :
Yet cold neglect dim'd thy bright eye,
And left thee in thy youth—to die.

Barbour was there, who sang of Bruce,
And did the hero's life produce

In strains so graphic, that all time
Will still revere the lofty rhyme.
Blind Harry, Ramsay, and Dunbar,
Looked proudly from the fleecy car
On their great master's works, and hailed
The bard whom time in vain assailed
As chief of Scotia's sons of song,
To whom for ever will belong
The unfading wreath which genius claims
To twine around her votaries' names.

Thomson was there, and Michael Bruce,
And he* who painted for the use
Of hen-pecked husbands, that rich tale,
“Watty and Meg,” which cannot fail
To wake broad laughter in the heart,
At the success of Mungo's art,
As lang as simple nature can
Delight, or raise the soul of man ;
Yes these were there, and many more,
Who fame's unfading laurels wore,

* Alexander Wilson.

Whose names to distant times will shine,
As only second, Burns, to thine !

And many, ah ! too many, who
Had waked the Scottish lyre, and knew
The varied chords which touch the heart,
And gentlest feelings could impart.
Or rouse the soul to deeds sublime !
Who built upon the sweetest rhyme,
Those simple, those affecting strains,
Which, while a love for truth remains,
Will ever be to Scotsmen dear ;
And oftentimes a struggling tear,
Will glisten in their pensive eye,
That names should in oblivion lye,
So worthy of a laurelled crown,
So worthy of a bard's renown !

These graced the light ærial scene,
Intensely gazing on the green ;
As half inclined to leave their places,
And mingle 'mong the merry faces,

Who danced, who sang old songs and new,
And pushed about the "mountain dew"
So briskly, that young temperance feared,
The standard which she had upreared
Would deep in whiskey punch be drowned,
Amid the wild uprorious sound
Of revelry and noisy mirth,
Nor e'er again have place on earth.

But who 'mong the aërial throng,
So calmly casts his eyes along
The merry group, then upon Burns
His face with modest reverence turns,
And marks within his beaming eye
The glorious light that ne'er shall die,
Till nature's requiem be sung,
And time his latest peal has rung?

'Twas Tannahill ! whose witching-strains,
While nature in the breast retains
A spark of true poetic fire,
Succeeding ages must admire,

And proudly place his name among
The first of Scotia's sons of song.

Yes, Tannahill ! thy " Craigie Lee,"
And " Loudon's Woods and Braes," will see
Far distant times ! Gleniffer Braes,
On which thou oft hast leaned, to gaze
On scenes our wild romantic land
Scarce equals, live beneath thy hand.
Here Stanely rears its crumbling form,
Which long has stood stern winter's storm,
And yonder Cruickston's nodding towers,
O'er Levern's limpid streamlet lours ;
Recalling days of other years,
When faction bathed our land in tears ;
When chivalry with beauty warred,
And knights a lady's fortune marred !

These piles exist will in thy strains,
When of them not a stone remains,
To mark the strengths where feudal lords
O'erawed the lands gained by their swords.

Peace to his ashes ! all who knew
The bard, can testify how true.
I speak, when I assert, that none
Who, from this weary world has gone,
To worth a brighter lustre lends,
Or left behind him sadder friends !

At Burns' feet, a beauteous maid,
In modest tartan garb arrayed,
Reclined, and as her pensive eye
Gazed on the bard, I marked a sigh
Heave her fair bosom, yet a joy
Diffused itself without alloy
O'er her fair face, such as Raphaël
Bestows on angels, when they hail
The beauteous boy on Mary's knee,
Whose name hath filled both earth and sea.

And it was " Highland Mary," who,
From Burns' thrilling breast first drew
Those strains, which taste and fate ordain,
Shall ever in our hearts remain,

Till memory begins to fail,
And nature o'er us draws her veil.

And o'er her hung the "Bonny Jean,"
Who long Burns' faithful wife had been ;
But lately she had joined the throng,
To whom undying names belong !
Yet artlessly she o'er the scene,
Cast her bright eyes with modest mein,
And felt that pride which matrons feel,
(Which nature's children ne'er conceal)
When honours on their husband's heads,
Their country in profusion sheds.

While thus I gazed, the scattered mist
Contracted slowly ere I wist,
And by degrees the tuneful throng
Were mixed the fleecy wreaths among,
And on the balmy breath of night,
Evanished from my wondering sight.

Still on the ground the revelry
And mirth drave on as cheerily,
As if they newly had begun
To thread the mazy dance, and run
On nimble tiptoe o'er the glade,
With vigour that would never fade ;
Even " Kirton Jean," as briskly set
To Tammy as they'd newly met.
Tam Samson, too, weel played his part,
And fairly overcame the heart
O' Racer Jess, wha's pawky e'en,
Glanced aye but where they should hae been ;
The ne'er a reel she missed, yet still
She bobbit at it wi' guid will,
And swore, as lang's the fiddler's arm
Could draw the bow across the thairm,
She'd dance awa' till rosy east
Had broadly hinted night had ceased ;
But Sampson's hairum scarum capers,
Which would have fleyed away the vapours
Frae ony whining blockhead's brain,
And cured him o' his fancied pain,
Attacked the lassie fore-and-aft,
And on her lips did so engraft

His kisses, that she quarter cried,
Yet Sampson wadna be denied
The privilege o' his twa han's,
A right the Racer scarce withstan's ;
The Souther, too, danced to the life,
A reel wi' Willie Wabster's wife,
When on the ear o' night there stole
A sound so striking, that the whole,
Paused in the middle of their joys,
And wondered whence could come the noise,
Which still increased, and seemed as though
A giant did a bagpipe blow,
Of more than monstrous size and strength,
Rending the burdened air, at length
Frae 'mang the trees came clean in view,
A haggard, black, and gruesome crew ;
And foremost strode the tousie chiel,
That we denominate the deil,
Whose bagpipes, made o' sinners' hides,
Fu' weel the force o' roasting bides ;
And at his back a countless thrang
O' witches, frisking it alang
On good broomsticks baith stiff and stark ;
While Nanny wi' the cutty sark,

Pushed boldly onwards, void o' fear,
Resolved to taste the goodly cheer,
Which on Doon's banks raised sic a splere.
As ne'er on them was heard before.

Tam was the first, though it was mirk,
The inmates o' the haunted kirk
O' Alloway to recognise,
And to his comrades quickly cries,
" Lord, lads ! the brig let's quickly gain,
For if we langer here remain,
We'll be the prey o' yon damned bitches,
And wha wad be the prey o' witches !"

Then for the brig in haste he ran,
Nor did ae solitary man
Remain, to bid the crew good bye,
Or ask the deil if he was dry.
But fled as men ne'er fled before,
And left me trembling to deplore
My luckless fate ; when up I got,
Resolved to leave the frightful spot,

Where sic like hags sae soon wad be ;
The thought o' the proximity
O' diels and witches I detest,
So I got up to do my best
At rinning, when I came right thump
Wi' my forehead against the stump
O' an auld tree, which winds had reft
O' its fair branches, and had left
It but a bare and useless thing,
O'er which cold wintry winds still sing.

I fell ; but in my fall I woke,
And started, but the spell had broke !
Still was the night, the moon shone clear,
Round me did nothing strange appear ;
Beside me gently rushed Doon's stream ;
My vision, friends, turned out a dream !

L I N E S

*Written for, and delivered at BURNS' ANNIVERSARY,
which was celebrated in the house of MRS. ROWAN,
Linwood, January 25th, 1837.*

Mr. JAMES REID, Writer, in the Chair.

THOUGH wint'ry winds sweep o'er our land,
And bleak our heathy hills appear ;
Though rude waves lash the rocky strand,
Which circles Caledonia dear.

Yet happiness has found a home
Within our wild romantic vales,
Where innocence delights to roam,
A-listening love's impassioned tales

And liberty has found our soil
 Congenial to her daring soul ;
Where sages, deep embrowned with toil,
 Quaff inspiration from her bowl.

Here roving Scandinavians found,
 The invader's just reward—a grave ;
And learned too late, our native ground,
 Could thistles bear, but not a slave.

Land of the brave ! here Wallace rose
 Against proud England's haughty lord ;
And boldly taught old Scotia's foes,
 The nature of a patriot's sword.

On Bannockburn's immortal plain,
 War held a day of revelry ;
Where mailed chiefs strove to maintain,
 Their high renown in chivalry.

Bruce gave the word ; our father's fought
 As men had never fought before ;
And with their swords our freedom wrought,
 And sealed the deed with English gore.

On fame's broad wings the glowing tale,
From east to farthest west extends ;
And distant nations loudly hail
The Scots, as freedom's firmest friends.

And has no bard, with soul sublime,
In deathless strains the heroes sung ;
Whose fame will perish but with time—
Whose deeds still live in every tongue?

Yes! Burns has waked a living lyre,
Whose tones o'er earth and ocean spread ;
And clothed his strains with words of fire,
In memory of the mighty dead.

And he would change the martial strain,
And sing the bright convivial hours,
Till hoary age would feel again
The lightness of youth's buoyant powers.

Again he struck the magic lyre,
And beings of unearthly mould,
Of hideous form and aspect dire,
His varied wizard powers unfold.

Again he changed his mood, his hand
Assayed to touch a holier string,
And tones fell on the ear more bland
Than morning dew on flowers of spring.

He sang of love ; and well he knew
The rapture which a lover feels,
When hope hides dark distrust from view,
And life's rough path with care conceals.

Our hardy youths, our comely maids,
Our clay built cots, our mountains gray,
Our crystal streams, our flowery glades,
Still live in his immortal lay.

And is the mighty minstrel dead,
Who bent our passions to his will !
Could make us dare the "gory bed,"
Or bid the ruffled mind be still !

No ! Burns still lives on every tongue ;
His fame still fresh and fresher grows ;
His strains on Ganges banks are sung,
And warbled 'mid Canadian snows.

Then when the swift revolving year,
Restores the Poet's natal day,
Let Caledonia's sons appear,
Due honours to his name to pay.

And Scotchmen glory in his name ;
And when this cherished night returns,
With buoyant heart they'll loud proclaim
They'll die together—Time and Burns.

L I N E S

Written on visiting CRUICKSTON CASTLE.

THOU mouldering pile, whose massy fragments lye
Half hid in earth, with moss and weeds o'ergrown,
Memento Mori to the passer by
Of days long past, of ages that are gone !
Thy frowning battlements time has o'erthrown ;
Thy warder's voice no more salutes the ear !
Where are the halls where sprightly maidens shone,
Joined in the mazy dance, or leaned to hear
How chieftains fought and fell, as sung by minstrel seer ?

Vain man, how fragile are thy works ! the towers
Which bid defiance to the embattled host,
Time's viewless hand will sap ! armed with hours,
Before him generations fall, are lost

In the wide gap of ages ! fame may boast

Her laurelled heroes, giving a deathless name
To mortal deeds ; verse may from Lethe's coast
Recall their memories, but can verse proclaim
What they can hear, or feel ? Pray, what is fame ?

Who was thy founder, Cruickston ? Can fame tell

Who o'er thee first exerted feudal sway ?
Tradition's dubious voice cannot dispel
The gloom which dims thine ancient grandeur ; they
Who saw thee in thy pride are gone for aye,
Mixed with the mighty mass of earth, no more
To marshal at the bugle's call, or stay
The tide of war, which oft in days of yore
O'er Scotia swept, and stained her fields with gore.

Ah, hapless Mary ! Scotia's ill-starred Queen,

Within these walls hast thou from pomp retired ;
Here sought afar from courts the quiet scene,
When holy love thy gentle breast inspired ;
Hope limned the future as thy soul desired,
But hope's illusive touches passed away ;
Stern faction's vengeful voice with fury fired,
Spread o'er the land, to discord then a prey,
And marred the sweetest flower e'er waked the poet's lay.

Time was, when on this spot the morning's ray
Fell unobstructed by thy storied towers ;
Time saw thee, in thy pride of strength, display
Gay flaunting banners, wreathed with Scotia's flowers :
And time exists, while ruin o'er thee lours,
(And where are they who placed in thee their trust ?)
Scarce noting in his course the transient hours,
Which saw destruction on thy bulwarks thrust,
Crumbling thy granite sinews into dust.

And Time will be when not a stone remains
To mark where Cruickston stood ; the giant hand
Which prostrated thy strength, resistless reigns
O'er the wide weltering deep and solid land
Now, as when first some Baron gave command,
On this green knoll, thy frowning form to raise ;
But ah ! like letters written on the sand
Which the next tide effaces, are thy days,
Compared to what eternal time displays !

Upon this spot some future sage may stray,
And cast his scrutinizing eye around ;
And with an anxious zeal prolong his stay,
In hopes some relic of thee may be found

To mark where Cruickston stood ; and if it crowned

The very spot which his researches named

As likeliest to o'erawe the country round.

Vain hope! ere then the wild flowers will have claimed

A right to the fair spot—thy frowning bulwarks shamed.

Still 'neath thy shade the dreamer loves at eve,

To call up recollections of the past ;

And on dim visions a slim tissue weave,

So baseless, that before an hour is past,

Plain common sense will, like a whirling blast,

Sweep the frail fabric from the earth's fair face,

And o'er its ruins truth her light will cast ;

Revealing what vain theories may chase

For ever and a day, yet ever lose the race.

But wherefore, Cruickston, sing of thy decay !

Is't meet that I, frail thing, should mourn o'er thee !

Thy walls will still exist when my brief stay

Is past, and on the bosom of that sea

Which mankind have 'yclept eternity,

The parted atoms of this mortal frame

Will glide along, fulfilling fate's decree !

Whilst thou, though crumbling from thy former fame,

Wilt give to distant times thy ruins and thy name !

WARRIORS.

WARRIORS ! what are they ? proud turbulent things,
The right hand and prope of tyrannical kings ;
Whose glories the tears of the orphan can show,
And whose deeds are emblazoned 'mid ruin and woe !

Pale terror precedes them, disheveled and wild,
Spreading fear and dismay where security smiled ;
While close in their rear, famine, fleshless and wan,
Adds despair to the horror war heaps upon man !

Behind them rides pestilence, fearfuller far
Than the conqueror's sword, when he bares it for war !
On whose banner of sackcloth desolation appears,
And whose gifts are the grave, severed friendships, and
tears.

Yes ! these are the gifts which a Warrior's hands
Confer on whoe'er dares dispute his commands ;
The despot's dark smile overweighs in his mind,
The manifold ills he inflicts on mankind.

Peace pines in their presence, and liberty hears,
In the cannons loud boom, and the clashing of spears,
That the fair smiling lands she had hoped was her own,
Still groaned 'neath the knaves of the sabre and throne !

Should misanthropy e'er swell my bosom with hate,
And for vengeance on man, I e'er supplicate fate ;
On them would my deepest, my deadliest curse,
Be a rich crop of heroes ; could mortal wish worse ?

THE GRAVE.

THE grave is but a lonesome place !
True ; 'tis a place of gloom ;
But we'll ne'er feel its loneliness,
Nor want of room.

Friendships are severed in the grave !
True ; but we know that care,
The dark destroyer of our joys.
Ne'er harbours there.

Ah ! love shrinks from the loathed place !
True ; but grief too departs,
Nor bursting tears, nor sighs are there,
Nor broken hearts.

All pleasure shuns the dreary spot !
True ; pain too leaves the tomb,
And often in gay pleasure's cup,
Will find a home.

Then do not from the peaceful grave,
With cold aversion fly ;
Fate has ordained that all within
Its folds must lye.

If friendships, loves, and pleasures, are
Forgotten in the grave ;
O'er pain and grief oblivion shall
Triumphant wave !

EPISTLE

To D. M., Paisley.

THIS life's a faught, ilk Proser says,
And Poet's picture in their lays,
The gloomy texture o' the days,
That men are born to ;
And spread o'er glorious earth a haze,
They scarce can see through.

E'en let them, D-v-e, we can tell,
That life has joys which can dispel,
The mirkest clouds e'er hung o'er hell,
Raised by despair ;
And proudly ring the funeral knell,
O' gruesome care.

λ .

What though misfortune's withering blast,
Our life's horizon overcast,
Stern resolution to the mast

We'll firmly nail
And boldly struggle to the last,
Against the gale.

With perseverance for our guide,
Undauntedly we'll stem the tide,
Till in some port secure we ride,
Our labours o'er ;
And to the winds our cares confide,
Or ocean's roar.

Will pining break misfortunes dart ?
Will tears e'er wash away the smart
That rankles in the throbbing heart,
And ease the pain ?
No ! then assay a nobler art,
And ne'er complain.

We'll sing the joys we twa hae seen,
And from the past fresh matter glean,
To crush in embryo the spleen,
If it should rise ;

And o'er its ruins smile serene,
With gladdening eyes.

Life's lusty morn, with cloudless sky,
Raised my young fancy topmast high,
But sage experience gave the lie,
To youth's gay dreams ;
And chequered life wi' many a dye
O' cheerless beams.

But must I lose the present hour,
Because thick clouds around me lour ?
Or sink beneath the pelting shower,
O' fortunes spite !
No, faith ! I'll breast her utmost power,
Wi' a' my might.

I'll call on hope to gild the days,
Which fancy to my mind displays,
As basking in the noontide blaze
O' future years ;
And bid her chaunt her sweetest lays,
To glad mine ears.

What tho' cold poverty may try
To swamp the bark in which I fly
O'er broken billows, I will lye
Firm to my oar ;
And proudly lay her high and dry,
On some kind shore.

There 'mid the joys o' love forget,
That e'er I wi' a hardship met ;
And ban the loon would sigh and fret,
And suck his thumbs ;
When he might wi' some blooming *Pet*,
Dispel his glooms.

Life has its ills, I freely grant,
Men oftentimes must lodge wi' want,
And sometimes be devoured wi' cant,
And ither havers ;
When some Sir Andrew, (Sunday Saint !)
Pours his palavers.

Yes! these are vexing ills, I know ;
But must I therefore quite forego,
The pleasures that around me flow,
 In sic profusion ;
And on my joys heap weeds of woe ;
 'Twere a delusion.

All nature smiles as well as I ;
Look up ; behold yon glorious sky !
Look round, and see if aught can vie,
 Wi' Nature's smiles !
Save when *they* lurk in maiden's eye,
 And man beguiles.

Then, D-v-e, smile as aft's ye can,
Nor care tho' canting churls ban ;
And laugh too—it becomes a man,
 And speaks his joys,
Nae brute that e'er through forest ran
 Mak's laughing noise.

And aften may we laugh together,
O'er whiskey punch, sworn foe to either
A sour grimace or canting blether,
Or selfish loon ;
Till our twa hearts turn light's a feather,
Or Eider down*.

* Eider Down, is the finest of all the downs. It is found in the nests of a certain kind of bird that inhabits the bleak and stormy shores of Norway ; and forms one of the articles of export of the inhabitants.

TO MY WIFE.

SOURCE of my every joy, sweet'ner of life,
Tried friend in hardships, enemy to strife;
All these I find combined in thee, my Wife !

When jarring passions in my bosom rise,
And reason's feeble strength no aid supplies,
Do thou but smile, the demon discord dies.

When pleasure's dangerous paths my steps pursue,
And fancies' tints the syren's charms renew ;
I pause—return—whene'er I think of you.

When friends forsake me, and when woes increase,
And my crushed soul begs hard for its release ;
Thy words can soothe my woes ; thy bosom yield me peace !

When winter's icy hand has bared the plain,
And southern climes the cheering sun retain ;
Thou'lt glad my weary hours, till summer comes again.

And when the balmy south with gentle showers,
Recalls again to life the trees and flowers ;
Unheeded time will fly, and days seem hours.

When round the blazing hearth our children play,
Hope fain would strew with flowers their onward way ;
But sad experience doubts, and hopes bright dreams decay.

When pale disease within our home appears ;
Thine altered features speak thine inward fears,
And thy swoll'n eyes betray thy hidden tears.

Should age, (and ah ! I hope that time will spare
My children's Mother, till her raven hair
The silvery hue of icy winter wear,)

Should age o'ertake us, may we still retain
That cheerfulness which best assuages pain,
And live in calm converse our youth-time o'er again !

LINES TO THE MOON.

PALE ruler of the midnight sky,
Beneath whose beams frail mortals lye
In balmy sleep's secure embrace,
Or, pressed with care, find a solace
In inebriety's foul arms,
Which ten-fold force gives care's alarms.
Say, whence thy being, glorious Moon?
Had'st thou, like man, thy morn and noon?
And wilt thou fade like evening light!
And leave the long and darksome night
A blank! uncheered by thy blest beams,
And chequered but by lightning's gleams?

Art thou eternal? have thy rays,
Which all this varied world surveys,
For ever been the same, as now
Thou shin'st upon this feverish brow?

Wer't thou created? Did old time
Observe thy first assay to climb

The vast, the empyrean dome,
Where ever since thou'st found a home ?

Imaginations airy flight,
May soar beyond thy utmost height,
And revel 'mid the fleecy cars,
On which float telescopic stars ;*
But fancy's air-drawn figures fade,
And sober truth rejects her aid ;
And bids us probe with careful hand
(If we would rightly understand)
Whate'er comes in our way, and try
With eager philosophic eye,
If truth with theory will join ;
If so, then carefully entwine
The two, and when you have it done,
Both theory and truth are one.

But can truth tell when thou began,
Pale Moon, to light mole-sighted man ;
And paint in sober light these hills,
And glitter in a thousand rills ?

* Stars invisible to the naked eye.—Astronomer, overlook this note.

No ! but, then, theories pretend
To teach what none can comprehend !
And man may gaze upon thy light,
And wondering eye thy silent flight
Among the stars at evening's close,
But of thine origin he knows
As little as he knew, when Troy
Received within her walls the boy
Who bore the beauteous Greek away,
And furnished Homer with a lay
Which will, till thee, and mankind fail,
Float first on fame's inspiring gale.

Float on, bright Moon ! thy silver light
A charm lends to the lonely night,
Which flaunting day cannot impart
To the o'erlaboured aching heart,
And when beneath thy beams I stray,
May calm reflection stretch away,
To where coy science opes her store,
And sheds on man her sacred lore ;
Till knowledge elevates my soul,
And passion bends to learning's mild controul.

RONALD AND ELLEN.

"QUICKLY, quickly launch the boat,
The sun sinks in the sea ;
And ere it lights yon eastern sky,
In Morven I must be.

Black Diarmid to the north has gone,
With a well armed band ;
Fair Ellen's father him invites,
And promises her hand.

Her page just now has brought me word,
That she on me will wait,
To-morrow at the dawn of day
Before her father's gate.

Then ply your oars, stretch every nerve,
The moon will light our way ;"
So spake brave Ronald ; quick his men
His keen behest obey.

Swift scuds the boat, its sharpened prow,
The dashing waves divide ;
So nimbly flies the generous steed,
When urged by skilful guide.

By Jura's lofty isle they sweep,
And Scarba's rocky shore ;
Colonsay's wave-worn beach they pass,
Where billows weltering roar.

And ere the morn with rosy light,
Had tinged the eastern sky ;
On Morven's shore the gallant band
Was marching fearlessly.

Within a wood's obscure recess,
Brave Ronald placed his band ;
And sought alone the trysting gate,
Where anxiously did stand

Fair Ellen ! and the morning's ray
Ne'er welcomer appeared
To storm tossed mariner, whose bark
Some unknown coast had neared,

Than did fair Ellen's faultless form
Appear in Ronald's eyes ;
And soon within his folding arms,
The trembling maiden lyes.

" Forbear ! forbear !" began the maid,
" Too long we tarry here,
For soon as e'er the morning dawns,
The call, " To horse !" we'll hear.

For o'er our hills, where bounds the roe,
As soon as it is day,
With Diarmid and his merry men,
My father will away,

To wake the echoes of our glens,
A-hunting of the deer ;
So quickly let us leave this place,
Where danger lurks so near !"

And soon they roused brave Ronald's men ;
And soon they reached the shore,
And soon in ocean's liquid breast,
They dip the bending oar.

Bright rose the morn, the winds were fair ;
And ere the evening closed,
On Erin's shore, their labours passed,
In safety they reposed.

And scarcely had the rosy morn
Revealed the mountains grey ;
When from the castle issued forth,
In hunting's proud array,

A gallant band of merry men,
As e'er trode dewy green,
On whose bold brows sat ruddy health,
All wreathed in smiles I ween.

And well trained dogs, whose eager scent
Could trace the wary deer ;
In fawning gambols, seemed as though
They knew that sport was near.

And ladies' from the windows looked
Upon the gallants gay ;
And felt inclined to join the chace,
And share the joyful day.

To Ellen's window Diarmid's eye
Oft turned, in hopes that she
Whose peerless form he long had loved,
He might that morning see.

But ah ! in vain his searching eye
Surveyed the stately pile ;
No maid was there to greet his glance,
Or cheer him with her smile.

For, far on ocean's bounding waves,
The gallant vessel bore
Fair Ellen from her native land,
To seek a distant shore.

A cloud hung o'er dark Diarmid's brow,
And heavy was his mind ;
But with an air that spoke content,
He soon the hunters joined,

And soon the swelling bugle's note,
From hills and dales rebound ;
Which raised the wild deer from their lairs,
To mark the dreaded sound.

ie? And soon on nimble foot they o'er
The correi sweep along ;
And trembling seek the distant glens,
To shun the cruel wrong,

Which selfish man inflicts on those
Who should his mercies share ;
But in the hunter's cruel heart,
Such qualities are rare.

The day wore on, and in the hall
Were maids and matrons gay,
All wondering what could keep the bride
That morn so long away.

Her mother to her chamber went
And knocked, but all in vain ;
A silence which forboded ill,
Then filled her mind with pain.

“ Art thou asleep ? my Ellen rise ;
The day wears on apace,
And soon on weary steeds our guests,
Arrive will from the chace.”

No answer did her daughter send,
Her troubles to dispel,
And soon the sound of woe and wail,
Her dark misgivings tell.

“ My child ! my child ! ” broke on all ears ;
“ With speed break up the door,”
And soon the yielding bolts they forced,
And then their hopes were o’er ;

For Ellen’s bed unpressed appeared,
And every thing I ween,
Bore witness that no living thing
Within the room had been.

Distraction sat on every face ;
Wild terror seized each heart !
For nothing they could think upon,
Did the least hope impart.

"Haste! fly! pursue! go search the lake!"

Exclaimed, in accents wild,

The trembling mother, "Haste! will none

Restore to me my child!"

But where were they to fly, or search,

Or how could they pursue,

When none within the castle's walls

Aught of her purpose knew?

While thus confusion filled their minds,

A bugle loud and clear,

Came floating slowly on the gale,

Which spoke the hunters near.

Its tones spoke joy, for success had

Repaid their labours well;

But little did they dream that woe,

So soon their mirth would quell.

The ladies' wailings smote their ears,

Before they reached the wall;

And wondering what could be the cause,

They hurried to the hall,

Where soon they learned the woeful tale,
But what were they to do ?
Or how resolve a mystery,
Which wore so dark a hue ?

Sad doubtings filled her father's breast ;
His thoughts on Ronald fell,
For he had known they were betrothed,
And loved each other well.

But would his daughter seek alone,
The distant Thane's abode ;
Or trust her tender form, to dare
The dangers of the road ?

But where was Ellen, whose sweet voice
Was wont at eve to still
The dark emotions of his soul,
And mould him to her will ?

Far, far on ocean's bounding waves,
A willing exile she ;
To shun the man to whom her heart,
Had never bent the knee.

Dark thoughts spread over Diarmid's soul,
And high his crest he reared,
And in his vengeful eye, at once
The inner man appeared.

"Bring forth the bride I long have loved :"
In accents loud spoke he,
"I came at your request, nor will
A Diarmid mocked be !

Mark well ! I see through your deceit.
And turn it into scorn ;
And here stands one who swears, that ne'er
Shall man of woman born,

Keep what I've set my heart upon ;
If so, a trunkless ball
His head shall roll upon the heath,
I swear it, traitors all !

And whosoe'er your daughter weds,
Must sup on this bright sword !
And for a bridal bed, a grave
My kindness will afford."

" Our daughter's gone we know not where,"

Replied the weeping dame ;

" Restrain your wrath, and time will show

That we are not to blame.

We thought this morn to see her yours,

And joy filled all our hearts ;

And lo ! ere noon has crowned the day,

Deep grief her woe imparts."

" Yes ! deepest grief hangs on our hearts,"

Outspake fair Ellen's sire ;

But while he spoke, beneath his tears

There beamed a latent fire ;

Which quickly kindled into rage,

And roused his drooping soul ;

While upon Diarmid's form, his eyes

In wild defiance roll.

" Yes ! deepest griefs oppress our hearts,

But joy blends with our woe,

That Ellen, whom we dearly love,

Did not her hand bestow

On one unworthy of her love,
Whose gloomy soul can ne'er
Spread joy around the household hearth,
Or smile away a tear.

We pledged thee, Ellen would be thine,
And ah ! we dearly pay
For daring love and nature's laws.
So far to disobey.



Hence ! from this hour our friendship ends ;
I will no parlance yield,
To one who dares my faith to doubt,
While I my brand can wield.

If Ellen seeks young Ronald's ha',
My blessing too is there,
That minds congenial may impart,
Those joys you ne'er can share."

Dark loured the Diarmid's shaggy brow,
And rage flashed from his eye,
So looks a wint'ry night, when storms
Sweep hurling through the sky.

"And is it thus," he foaming cried,

"You dare my rage defy !

Confusion mark me for her own,

If I do not untie

The knot which binds the haughty maid

To Ronald, whom I scorn ;

And teach her sire to understand,

How pleasant 'tis to mourn.

The deeds a-doing in this land,

Will lay the highest low ;

And, mark me, I'll remember well

To whom I kindness owe.

Go hide your daughter where you will,

I'll find her, do not fear ;

And teach the beardless boy she loves,

The nature of my spear."

With that he wheeled his horse about,

And furious down the glen,

With frenzied speed sought his own home,

With all his merry men.

The Diarmid gone, with anxious care,
They sought, both wood and dell ;
But hope gave way to dark despair,
When shades of evening fell.

Their child ! the child they lov'd, was gone,
Forced from her home to flee ;
To shun the man she could not love,
She dared the treacherous sea.

With deep remorse they called to mind,
How Ellen sought with tears,
To drive them from their fixed intent,
And dissipate her fears.

But ah ! her pleadings were in vain,
And now they feel the smart ;
Which wrings with grief the selfish soul,
And rankles in the heart.

Meantime, amid green Erin's hills,
Young Ronald soothed his bride ;
But often would she call to mind,
When she, her parents pride,

Would climb the mountain's shaggy side,
Or thread the mazy glen ;
And watch the soaring eagle's flight,
Far from the haunts of men.

She thought, too, with what bitter grief
Their bosoms would be wrung ;
And tears would dim her beaming eye,
And speech forsake her tongue.

But then she thought upon her love,
And all her strength returned ;
And from her mind the Diarmid's hand,
Her soul indignant spurned.

While thus alternate joy and grief,
Their gentle bosoms filled ;
Many-tongued rumour brought them word,
Earl Marr had ta'en the field,

To place a tyrant on the throne,
Britannia had sworn
Should ne'er again be occupied
By one of Stuart born.

The news roused Ronald's eager soul,
And soon he left the land,
Where hospitality still opes
To the distressed her hand.

The wind was fair ; the gliding bark
Soon reached famed Morven's shore.
And soon to Ellen's father's home,
Young Ronald Ellen bore.

A joyful welcome they received,
From Ellen's parents, who
Had feared that ne'er again their child
Would her loved haunts review.

Forgiveness passed on either side,
Love ruled the hallowed hour ;
And 'mid their joys they quite forgot,
The storm that 'gan to lour

O'er Scotland, and that 'mid the strife
An outcast might return ;
To rule those lands his cruelties
Had often made to mourn.

At length the all-engrossing theme,
Stole on their joyful hours ;
How Marr had landed in the north,
With overwhelming powers,

To raise again the Stuart name ;
And on our soil once more,
Plant persecution's noxious seed,
And tyranny restore.

" I'll go for one !" brave Ronald cried,
" Argyle, I understand,
Is raising forces to sweep off
The traitor from our land.

Who stays at home when danger threatens
His country, is a knave ;
O'er whom fair liberty will ne'er
Her cheering banner wave."

" And will you leave us," Ellen cried,
" When joy dissolves our woe ;
Must I so soon your absence mourn,
No, Ronald, love cries no !

Too long we have estranged been,
From our beloved land,
And must our young hopes blighted be,
When pleasure opes her hand?

Leave war a while, our toils demand
Rest for our labours past;
And let not our first taste of joy,
Be doomed to be our last."

Then out-spoke Ellen's valient sire,
"My daughter, urge not so;
'Tis fitting that your gallant spouse,
Should seek his country's foe.

The time demands that every man,
Should to the field repair,
And boldly try to stem the tide,
Which blood-stained traitors dare

To pour on this unhappy land,
For their own selfish ends;
No! Ronald, up, my inmost soul
Thy brave resolve commends."

The Diarmid's threats, when from this hall
He angrily did go ;
I now can plainly understand,
But then, how could I know

That he had leagued himself with those,
Who would o'erturn our laws,
And trample on those sacred rights,
We gained in freedom's cause ?

With Marr he now leads on his men ;
And if success them aid,
These walls assuredly will fall
Before his battle blade.

But liberty will point the way,
And nerve each Briton's hand,
To rise and sweep from off our soil,
The miscreants of our land ;

Who, spite of freedom's holy laws,
A despot would restore,
To tyrannize o'er those whose souls
A tyrant's deeds abhor."

"I'll seek the traitor in the field!"

Brave Ronald firm replied;

"No arm, I hope, will prove his might,

Till I have him defied.

To-morrow, by the dawn of day,

I'll leave these happy towers;

And lend what little strength I have,

To aid my sovereign's powers."

And morning saw him on his way,

To join the great Argyle,

Whose troops on the famed Sheriff-moor,

Began now to defile.

And soon he joined the proud array,

And soon the trumpets blare,

Aroused each soldier to his arms,

The deadly strife to share.

From rank to rank the whizzing deaths,

Sped o'er th' ensanguined plain;

And many sireless children wept,

Their fathers that day slain!

'Mid the fierce onslaught, Ronald spied
The Diarmid straining sore,
To force a squadron from its post,
Who Argyle's standard bore.

As darts the eagle on its prey,
At Diarmid Ronald flies ;
And "Traitor, here is other work,"
Exultingly he cries.

I feared some other hand had paid
The debt to you I owe ;
But fate ordains, that to my sword
Alone pertains the blow."

Dark vengeance flashed from Diarmid's eyes,
While thus young Ronald spoke ;
And from his foaming mouth these words,
In furious accents broke :

"Curse of my life ! Ha ! I will drain
Thy life-blood from thy heart,
Ere from this fatal field one inch
Thy soul or body part.

K

I ne'er hoped fate would prove so kind,
Such favours to bestow ;
Or, by the fiends of hell I swear,
I'd sought no other foe."

No farther words between them passed ;
Death sat upon their swords !
And shook his fleshless arms, and grinned
A smile, that well accords

With the wild havoc war commits,
When proud ambition leads,
Like beasts of prey, her armed bands,
To work her hellish deeds.

They pause ; their eager eyes explore
With caution most profound,
Where they might safest on their foe
Inflict a fatal wound.

And wounds they gave ; yet still their strength
Grew with their rising ire ;
Remembrance shadowed forth the past,
And hate their souls inspire !

At Ronald's breast a deadly blow,
The furious Diarmid threw ;
" Take that, infernal boy !" he cried ;
But Ronald nimbly drew

Aside from the impending blow,
And on the traitor's head,
With well directed fury came,
And stretched him with the dead !

I will not sing what more befel,
Upon that dreadful day ;
Nor how Argyle from Scotia's shore,
The rebels forced away.

Suffice it, Ronald found his bride
Safe in her father's ha' ;
And future years of bliss repaid,
The ills their youth-time saw.

B E W A R E !

THERE's danger in the courtly ha',
When young hearts mingle there ;
If prudence keep not whispering,
Beware !

When pleasure with her syren smiles,
Adorns herself with care ;
Let innocence repeat the word,
Beware !

When maids too ready yield assent,
Be cautious of the fair ;
And learn, ere 'tis too late, the word,
Beware !

If friendships flatter, pause, and weigh
Its value to a hair;
And if it do not kick the beam,
Beware !

Proffered advice do not despise ;
But mark if it will square
With the adviser's life, if not,
Beware !

When ostentatious sour grimace
Proclaims aloud a prayer ;
O fail not to remember well,
Beware !

Though hope should make your coming years,
A glowing colouring wear ;
Be sure you paint o'er her gay dreams,
Beware !

When tyrants talk of liberty,
And would your secrets share ;
Let caution stamp upon your lips,
Beware

Caution, the child of prudence is ;

O nurse her then with care ;

She'll paint on your projected acts,

Beware !

INSCRIPTION FOR A DRINKING CUP.

CHURL ! withdraw thy lips ; the generous ale

Which mantles o'er my brim is not for thee ;

But ye whose bosoms melt at pity's tale,

Draw near—quaff deep—my bottom see ;

My mistress will again replenish me.

L I N E S

*Written on seeing a LADY who had been forsaken by
her LOVER, for one who, if she had less of nature's,
had more of the world's riches.*

A GENTLE smile played o'er her face ;
But 'neath that smile there lay,
A shade of melancholy hue,
It could not chase away.

A tear-drop glistened in her eye ;
Which art could not conceal ;
And ah ! her flattering tongue too well
Did all her griefs reveal.

But ah ! disease will often lurk,
 Beneath a rosy smile ;
And falsehood clothe with honied words,
 A tongue formed to beguile.

And selfish man too oft o'erlooks,
 The wrongs to woman done ;
And Ellen's lover stained his faith,
 A guilty course to run.

Unto a lady rich and gay,
 His broken vows he gave ;
And thought amid the heartless throng
 Remorse's sting to brave.

But conscience wrung his guilty soul
 Within the giddy hall ;
And sleep forsook his downy couch ;
 Nor answered at his call :

While she, who could have soothed his grief,
 With cloudless mind can go,
Where solitudes extend their shade :
 And limpid streamlets flow ;

And ponder o'er the happy hours
She passed, ere doubt and care
Had dimmed the brightness of her soul,
And placed a canker there.

Yet still an unreprieving mind,
Beams from her languid eye,
And oft a smile will light her face,
On which a tear may lie.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Go boast your rotten walls, ye ancient towns :
Extol your Goth-like structures to the skies ;
Antiquity may robe herself with frowns,
And on youth look with rheum-o'erflowing eyes,
And wonder at the impudence which lies,
Neath the smooth surface of a joyous smile ;
Let her ! affected wisdom I despise,
And hate the twisted dogmas would embroil
The flow'ry hours of youth in ages withering toil.

Youth's smile breathes of the morning, and dispels
The cold dim vapours of the cheerless night ;
Youth revels in the glory which impels
The soul to a more lofty, nobler flight !

Eyes the blue vault with exquisite delight ;
Breathes the light air, and wantons in the gale ;
Basks 'mid the sun-lit flowers, and from some height
Surveys great nature all her charms unveil,
And fearless on life's stream unfurls her venturous sail.

Age notes with peering eye the ways of man ;
With calculating care explores his way ;
Gloats o'er his hoarded heaps with visage wan,
And moralizes on the young and gay,
Forgetting that he too has had his day ;
When in the mantling bowl he caution drowned ;
When locked in beauties witching arms he lay,
And felt, as all must feel, the bliss profound,
With which the rosy hours of buoyant youth are
crowned.

Hope wreaths the brows of youth with gentlest flowers ;
Distrust spreads thorns before the steps of age ;
Youth wanders 'mid gay nature's sweetest bowers,
And finds enjoyment writ on every page

Of her great book : not so the wary sage ;

He doubts, examines with a cautious eye,
And half rejects what most his thoughts engage.

Youth sees behind dark clouds the azure sky ;
Age sees dark shadow's germ in evening's gorgeous
dye.

Age is unlovely, I confess ; and cold

And passionless. I do not mean to say,
That every passion leaves man when he's old,
But that 'tis the most generous that decay.
Love never wantons amid locks grown grey ;
Even friendship wears a most unfriendly smile ;
While selfishness will shamelessly display
Her cold repulsive features, harsh and vile,
And hug herself when she the unwary can beguile.

And yet we would be aged ; who would lie

In the cold narrow house ! with frenzied hand
The suicide may rend the bands which tie
His being to the earth, but reason's wand

Ere then will have relinquished its command,
And churlish desolation have o'erspread
Mind's glorious essence, twisting a rope of sand
Round the frail being, whose convulsive dread
Of death, lays him 'mong those he feared—the peaceful
dead!

O youth! brief is thy laughter-loving space;
Transient as meteor's sweep across the sky;
Care waits to fold thee in its cold embrace,
And age will dim the lustre of thine eye.
Then seize the precious moments as they fly;
Trust not to coming years, or days, or hours,
“*The present moment is our ain,*”* then try
To wreath it with love's sweetest, choicest flowers,
Ere palsied age steals on, and o'er your prospect lours.

* Old Song.

GOLD *versus* FAME.

I WILL not write for fame,
It were an idle thing ;
Pray, what is in a name,
About which young fools sing ?
A morning's mist which melts away,
Before the glorious orb of day.

Who has it, can fame tell ?
Say Homer, he is one,
And Virgil, on whom fell
The robe of Greece's son :
And Burns, and Shakespeare, grant you these,
And ten times more if that will please.

Well ! do these warmer lie,
Within their hallowed graves,
Than those who unknown die,
And o'er whom Lethe's waves
Pass with a cheerless, sullen sweep,
And wrap in dark oblivion's sleep.

Within the cold, cold tomb,
All vain distinction ends !
The wretch without a home,
The man with many friends,
Lie undistinguished in the clay,
Peacefully crumbling to decay !

Gold has a pleasing sound,
It captivates the ear,
It makes our joys abound—
Even stays the starting tear ;
It is both lords and ladies' theme,
And glitter's in the miser's dream.

It gives respect to fools,
Gives age the smile of youth,
Can buy the wit of schools—
Nay, turn aside even truth ;
Makes priests, I'm told, forget their pray'rs,
And widows sport a maiden's airs.

Then let us give the palm to gold,
Which has such varied powers ;
We love its features to behold,
And joy to call it ours.
On air-built castles fame reposes,
Gold wantons amid beds of roses.

L I N E S

Written on reading LANDER's Voyage down the NIGER.

THE enigma's solved, and Niger now can claim,
A right to throw its waters in the sea ;
False theories, too, have been put to shame ;
And, Lander ! it is owing unto thee,
That we can on our maps with certainty,
Delineate the stream whose mazy flow,
Had, since the days of the great Ptolomy
Baffled the search of those who wished to know
Where thou thy waste of waters didst bestow.

Some learned men affirmed the Niger threw
Its mass of waters in some mighty lake,
But where 'twas situated no man knew ;
Perhaps 'twas better, for conjecture's sake,

Man did not know ; then theorists could make
A system which *their* genius would display,
And of our ignorance advantage take ;
Besides, who could what they advanced gainsay,
When error had so dimmed truth's searching ray.

Others affirmed the Niger was the Nile,
Because Park saw its waters eastward roll ;
The sight, too, made him half forget his toil ;
And joy extatic would expand his soul,
When gazing on the waters as they stole
Away to the far east to meet the sun,
And saw, as he conceived, the very goal
To which his wishes tended, fairly won ;
A triumph worthy Scotia's hardy son.

Bruce saw, too, as the famous Nile he traced,
A river called the White flow from the west,
Of larger volume than the one which graced
The Abyssinian vales, so it was pressed.

Into the service of some dreaming pest,
Who ne'er had from his garret two days been,
As proof sufficient to consign to rest
The question, if the Niger may be seen
Rolling where Memphis' crumbling temples lean ?

Others again, affirmed, the thirsty sun
Sucked up the Niger's waters to the skies,
And thereby leaving Africa o'errun
With burning deserts, which no drink supplies
To the parched traveller, who vainly tries
To thread its vast interminable plains,
Where savage beast to savage beast replies,
And scarce less savage man his life sustains,
By acts* which on our kind imprint such hellish stains.

But perseverance and a daring mind,
Enabled thee, O Lander! to dispel

* The inhabitants of some parts of Africa were in the habit of entrapping their neighbours—carrying them to the coast, and selling them to their European visitors for slaves.

The mists which ignorance to truth had joined ;
And fames' loud trumpet will to mankind tell,
The dear-bought knowledge which all time will swell
To notes of admiration in thy praise ;
And science proudly from her mystic cell,
Will hail thy name as worthy of the bays,
Which grateful man to modest genius pays.

When Afric's burning climes have been explored,
And hostile tribes to peace shall bend the knee ;
When blacks no longer are by whites abhorred,
And her dark sons have tasted liberty ;
With gratitude they'll proudly mention thee,
Whom fortune first through unknown regions led,
To where the Niger mingles with the sea ;
And opes her many mouths where yet will spread,
Far distant nations' sails above her oozy bed.

MORNING.

LIGHT struggles in the east, the lark's shrill song
Salutes the new-born day, and hill and dale
Refreshed, bursts on the sight ; while from among
Yon aged trees, the thin blue mists slow sail
Across the lawn, borne by the gentle gale,
And congregate upon the mountain's side ;
The fragrant flowers, their painted forms unveil,
And stars, night's offspring, leave the skies and hide
Their tiny forms within morn's blazing tide.

O ! ye, who nightly over mantling bowls,
Consume those hours ye should devote to sleep ;
Come view this glorious scene, and let your souls
Drink in the pleasure nature's children reap,
When they her simple laws devoutly keep ;
Come, look upon the Morning, and survey
The varied landscape girdling in the deep ;
And as you gaze upon the bright display,
Acknowledge nature's power, and her mild laws obey.

THURSDAY NIGHT'S COMPLAINT.

DAY was declining in the west,
As on Gleniffer's heath-clad crest,
In musing mood I careless strayed,
And, with elated mind, surveyed
The varied scene which stretched away
To where the Grampian hills display
Their scathed and rugged foreheads high,
Against the azure northern sky.

Beneath me towns and cities lay,
And smiling fields and woodlands gay ;
And far beyond, the winding Clyde
Swept on to mingle with the tide,
Where commerce, buoyed on restless waves,
Fearless, the whirling tempest braves.

But soon beyond the western main,
The glorious sun resigned his reign ;
And evening drew her sombre veil,
Wi' unfelt hand o'er hill and dale.
So home by where old Stanley's towers,
O'er the surrounding country lours,
I bent my steps ; the growing night
Soon swallowed up the fading light,
And meteors swept across the sky,
And stars looked from their windows high :
Clouds heavily lay on the hills,
From which ran murmuring restless rills ;
While on the ear of night there fell,
The tones o' Paisley's *ten-hour* bell.

Wi' quickened step I Lownsdale passed,
And Maxwellton had neared at last,
When 'tween me and the northern sky,
A *queerish* figure struck mine eye,
Slow sailing on the brow o' night,
Which filled my soul with sudden fright ;
An ample mantle did infold
Its form, through which the stars, like gold,

Shone with a scarce diminished ray,
As onwards still it winged its way.
To *Fulton's dyke* at last it flies,
And southward cast its wishful eyes—
As if to penetrate the shade,
Which night on nature's face had laid;
At length, grief labouring in its breast,
Its wounded feelings thus the thing exprest :

“ I wonder from my inmost soul,
What demon holds in its controul,
My social, my respected frien',
The governor o' Stanley Green.
Since first a market was ordained
In Paisley, I have always reigned
O'er Thursday nights ; and mony a splore
I've witnessed wi' the farmer core ;
And, faith, a blyther set ne'er graced
A public-house, when warmly placed,
Than farmers : trouth, a Highland gill,
Wi' speldings and gude Embro yill,
Will gar them laugh and crack as though
They hadna half a mile to go ;

Then winds without with winds may war,
And lightning sweep and thunder jar ;
If warmly set, the liquor gude,
And frien's are roun' in jovial mood,
Storms may their fiercest wrath display,
It boots not, deil a hair care they.

But ne'er sin' I began to reign,
Or ca' a market night my ain,
Had I a subject pleased me,
For gifts or *grace* like J-m-e L—.
For mony a year he's lent his aid,
In *Friday's morn* to see me laid
Wi' a' due honours ; yet, this night
I maun retire without the sight
O' him on whom I lang hae doted,
And whase wise sayings aft hae quoted.
I've searched every *but* and *ben*,
'Tween Alison's and the west en',
But all in vain ; his cheering voice,
Which aft has made my heart rejoice,
I couldna hear, nor *can* conjecture,
Which is at best o' flimsy texture,

M

Aid me in fathoming the cause,
Why he his countenance withdraws
From me this night ; gude saf's ! can he
The temperance society
Hae joined ? and lent his name to those
Wha are my most inveterate foes ;
Robbing me o' my choicest frien's,
Wi' essence o' curst coffee beans.
If so, then fareweel fun and frolic,
And welcome ginger beer and colic ;
Plain common sense may e'en go hang,
Or join some *melancholius* gang,
Where soon, I'll swear, 'till melt awa',
Like ice when south-winds bring a thaw.

Change-keepers now may soundly sleep,
Or by their ingles sit and weep ;
Nae mair within their wa's they'll see,
The stately form o' J-m-e L—,
Dispensing mirth and "mountain dew,"
And poetry whiles screeding too,
O' his ain writing, and his muse
Can wit and satire baith infuse

Into his lines, well worth the praise
Which truth to honest genius pays.
O! soon will *Friday's morn* be here
To take my place, and she will speir,
Wi' her first breath, where she may see
Her choicest favourite, J-m-e L—.
I'll no can tell her; 'od she's here!
I see her in the east appear,
Crowned with a galaxy o' stars;
While round her float vast fleecy cars,
Which men call clouds—a glorious sight!—
Slow sailing on the verge of night;
From which bright streamers dart away,
O'er heaven's high arch in sportive play.
I'm weary now, my task is o'er.
And my swollen heart says, “Speak no more.”
“Good night,” she cried, then, like a maid forlorn,
She buried herself deep in *Friday's morn*.

TO A BRIDE.

Who would not be a bride ? what joy
Lights up her laughing eye ;
Life seems a sweet without alloy ;
And cloudless is the sky
Which on her sheds its gentlest beams ;
And ah ! how ravishing her dreams.

A flood of bliss fills all her breast,
Hope strews her path with flowers :
Her lips with sweetest smiles are drest ;
And rosy are the hours
Which dance attendance in her train,
And brighten her too transient reign.

Mar not her joys ; alas ! too soon
Reality will show,
That fleeting as the changing moon,
Or ocean's ebb and flow,

Are the vain dreams which fancy weaves,
And inexperienced youth believes.

The mountains bathed in morning's glow,
With pride their peaks display ;
But vapours congregate below,
Which, ere the close of day,
Will oft o'er vale and mountain's head,
Their leaden, cheerless influence shed.

So her young morn may cloudless rise,
And smiles of pleasure wear ;
But ah ! experience this truth buys—
Young dreams are based on air.
That hopes bright promises are vain,
And life's gay hours are linked with pain !

Enjoy thy present bliss, fair bride ;
And if a wish can stay
The ills that chequer life's brief tide,
Or smooth its rugged way ;
Content will still thy steps attend,
And you will never want a friend.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Now lyart leaves are strewn around
My ruined cottage door,
And weeds on every spot abound,
Where flowers bloomed heretofore :
And hoary now is grown my hair,
And lustreless mine eye ;
And ah ! my trembling steps declare,
Frail man, the hour is nigh

Which will consign thee to the grave,
Where care can ne'er intrude ;
Where soundly sleep the fool, and knave,
The wicked and the good !
The hero in that place of rest,
Ne'er hears the trumpet's sound ;

The coward's agitated breast
Sleeps 'neath the grassy mound,

As still as is the midnight hour,
When winds forget to blow ;
As heedless of a tyrant's power,
As of the streamlet's flow.

Yet memory proudly holds her place,
Within my ruined form ;
To weary age a bright solace,
A sunbeam 'mid a storm.

The days, the happy days of youth
Pass by me in review,
When hope assumed the garb of truth,
And life no sorrow knew !
When friendship, decked in wreathed smiles,
The hue of summer wore,
And pleasure spread her magic wiles,
My buoyant steps before ;

And love infused into my soul,
Rapture's spring-tide of bliss,

And Anna's arms appeared the goal,
Of unmixed happiness.

Where now is friendship? where the friends
With whom I have been gay?
Some wander far in distant lands,
Some sleep beneath the clay!

And where is now the blooming bride,
I to my father's ha'
Conducted wi' sae meikle pride,
She too is ta'en awa':
And I am left, a useless thing,
Unheeded by the throng,
Who dream not as they blithely sing,
That time will change their song:

That friendships will at last decay,
That smiles will turn to tears;
That weariness will fill the day,
And nights seem drawn to years.
O! weary, weary are the nights,
The helpless aged feel,
And feeble are the fading lights
The future can reveal.

The grave is but a darksome place,
I know, wherein to dwell;
And icy-cold is death's embrace,
And solemn is the knell
Which sounds within my ringing ears,
And warns me hence away !
I wait death's bidding, at my years
'Twere lengthening grief to stay.

I WADNA GIE THE WITCHING SMILES.

I WADNA gie the witching smiles,
That lurk in lovely woman's e'e,
For a' the fame ambition's wiles
Could promise to bestow on me.

I wadna gie a social hour
For goud; for what is goud to me?
Nor would I prize a princely dower,
If purchased wi' my liberty.

This life's a flower o' feeble form,
O'er which fate's sternest blasts aft blaw :
But sunny blinks whiles gild the storm,
And love's the sweetest blink o' a'.

Then seize the moments as they rise,
When love laughs in fair woman's e'e;
And friendship's sweet endearing ties,
Gae foretaste o' what heaven may be.

FINLAY.

SHOULD ever care invade your rest,
And tak' possession o' your breast ;
Ye may dislodge the gnawing pest,
By visiting Will Finlay.

Care winna stay within the place,
Where he sets up his honest face ;
Even discontent and sour grimace.
Flee when they hear o' Finlay.

Phrenologists, I'm tauld, hae hit
The very bump where lodges wit,
But nature legibly has writ
It everywhere on Finlay.

And satire slides frae aff his pen
So glibly, that we brawly ken,
Knave aft will hide 'mang honest men,
To shun the lash o' Finlay.

Then if you would the carlin, care,
Destroy, gang down at e'en and share
Twa stoups o' Alison's best ware,
Between yoursel' and Finlay.

And I'll be sworn, the gruesome chiel
May dance attendance where he will,
But he'll ne'er come within the biel
Where floats the laugh o' Finlay.

THE YOUNG HERO.

LIGHTLY he strode o'er the heath in the morning,
White showed his plume as it waved in the gale ;
His eye sought the fight, every danger a-scorning,
His sword gleamed a meteor, fore-runner of wail.
He mixed in the battle, the foe fled before him,
Ere weary and wounded he sunk on the plain ;
From the red field of fight as his brave soldiers bore him,
Indignant his soul spurn'd its mansion of pain.

Dark evening now shrouds him ; pale, mangled and gory,
The bugles shrill summons floats o'er him in vain ;
Ah ! short was his course, but 'twas brilliant with glory,
And in victory it set 'mid the foes he had slain.
The maid of his bosom may sigh for his coming,
But Henry will ne'er to his Mary return ;
On a far distant shore the wild pibroch is thrumming,
A dirge sad and slow o'er her loved hero's urn.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

AFAR o'er the main lies the land o' my fathers ;
Afar from these wilds lives the maid I adore ;
While here broken-hearted, as cold evening gathers,
I wearily sigh and my hard fate deplore.
Here in a desert unknown and unknowing,
Where cataracts roar and wide rivers are flowing ;
I sigh for the land where the thistle is growing,
The land of my father's, the land of the free.

In fancy I paint how in life's sprightly morning,
I crested, old Scotia, thy mountains sublime ;
Or guided the skiff o'er the rivers, adorning
Her gay smiling valleys so fragrant with thyme.
But ah ! sad reality dims the sweet vision,
And points to the wilderness round in derision,
And bids me remember my former condition
No longer, for fate dooms I ne'er can return !

But, Caledonia ! though wide seas us sever,
Thy songs will recall thy loved image to me ;
And these rocks will re-echo those strains that will ever
Be chaunted by those who have dared to be free.
Yes ! when of Doon at mild evening I'm singing,
And wi' "Gleniffer's Braes," a' these valleys are ringing ;
The strains, my dear Mary, to me will be bringing
Remembrance of home, of my father's and thee !

O, NO ! JAMIE LAD.

O, no ! Jamie lad,
I'll ne'er come back again ;
So urge nae mair my langer stay,
Though I should gang alane.
My father's poor, his living's sma',
Nor comfort has but me ;
My mother's grave has lang been green,
Aneath yon willow tree.

My mother's death fu' sair was felt,
By my auld dad and me ;
And lang I thought his heart would break ;
Aft feared that he would dee.

For him the smiles played on my cheek,
While tears stood in each eye ;
Him soothed wi' words, while I could scarce
Suppress the rising sigh !

Your father's rich, has flocks enow,
And mony a bonnie field ;
Then why a simple maid pursue,
Bred in a turfen bield ?
The fairest lady in the strath,
Wi' joy your heart would share ;
Then let me gang, and oh ! forget
To think on Ellen mair :

But seldom I'm sae lang frae hame,
He'll wonder at my stay ;
I maun awa' ere gloaming steal
O'er fast declining day.
Wi' secret joy young Jamie heard,
The maiden's tender fears ;
And as he pressed her to his breast,
Thus strove to dry her tears :

Your father's in my father's ha',
But now I saw him there ;

He stays, that Ellen may consent
My home and heart to share :
Then come wi' me, and share the joys
Your presence will impart ;
Nor let, my Ellen, fear o'ercloud
The sunshine of thy heart.

A tear-drop glistened in her eye,
Which Jamie kissed away ;
A maiden blush spread o'er her face,
Like morning's earliest ray.
And soon within young Jamie's ha',
The youthfu' pair were joined ;
And future years gave cause to bliss,
The wreath that love had twined.

W R I T T E N

*On Reading in the Newspapers an Account of the
Martyrdom of GENERAL RIEGO.*

RIEGO's blood now stains the land,
Which freedom hailed at his command ;
To glut the rage of Ferdinand,
For daring to be free !

A priesthood, servile, base and vain,
With slavish nobles in their train,
Round freedom's neck had wound a chain ;
Had stifled liberty.

Riego saw his country's woes,
And to avenge them boldly rose,
To wrest the power from grasp of those
Who dreaded liberty !

Iberia's sons his standard joined,
They slavery's badge with joy resigned ;
And King and Priest in bounds confined,
Sacred to liberty !

But vengeful superstition came
From Gallia, led by Angouleme ;
And, traitors ! blasted be their name !
Have sold Spain's liberty.

Riego ! when the page of fame
Time will unroll, which patriots claim ;
In colours bright will shine thy name,
'Mong those who dared be free.

A SOLDIER'S NAME.

At glory's call I bade adieu,
To scenes my early manhood knew,
And o'er the world regardless flew,
Of aught save fame ;
The prize I ever held in view,
A soldier's name.

Love whispered stay, and love has wiles,
In dimpled cheeks and rosy smiles,
Which the young fancy oft beguiles,
From nobler aim ;
But pleasure's path I shunned, it soils
A soldier's name.

War's varied ills unmoved I bore,
The weary march, the hostile shore,
Where thousands weltering in their gore,
Aloud proclaim
The dangers he must dare, who wore
A soldier's name.

The trumpet's blare, the cannon's boom,
The warrior hurrying to his doom,

The sulphurous cloud which veils in gloom
The bloody game,
Twine round the glories which illumine
A soldier's name.

Reflection came with riper years ;
Shorn of its glory war appears ;
While truth and reason, in my ears
Aloud proclaim,
'Tis based on blood and widow's tears !
A soldier's name.

CALDER GLEN.

THEY say I canna mak' a sang ;
I'll try and sing o' thee,
If ye'll gang to the Calder Glen,
My Mary, love, wi' me.
Thine eye will fire the dullest pen,
Thy lips the coldest heart ;
Thy smile will to the bonny Glen
A richer hue impart.

The flowers will wear a sweeter smile,
To see a maid like thee ;
And winds to wanton in thy hair
Will leave the flowery lea.
The gladsome birds will cease their song,
If Mary deigns to sing ;
And echo will the notes prolong,
Till a' Glen Calder ring.

The stream will linger as it glides,
Thy fairy form to see ;
And murmuring seek the distant tides,
Afar frae love and thee.
Then come with me, where nature blends
The lovely with the wild,
And truth a cloudless lustre lends
To scenes where love has smiled.

ANNA.

ANNA ! when the opening lilies
Deck the gay parterre,
Stray where Hawkhead's woods are waving ;
I will meet thee there.

On the flower-enameled meadow,
 'Neath some favourite tree,
We will lean us, nor remember
 Low is our degree.

Anna! when the fragrant roses
 Shed a rich perfume,
And the vales umbrageous wanton
 In the pride of bloom :

We will leave the crowded city ;
 Love ne'er harbours there ;
But seeks the calm retreats where nature
 Sports her beauties rare.

Anna! when the leafless forest
 Groans 'neath winter's blast ;
And pearly streams arrested own
 Its influence vast.

Then fancy's airy wing will bring,
 Glimpses of summer's prime ;
And hope still point to sunny hours,
 Hid in the womb of time.

Anna! when bleak age has furrowed
O'er thy forehead fair ;
And time with unfelt hand has silvered,
Thy now raven hair ;

We'll call to mind our early joys,
And smile our cares away ;
Nor let regret arise to dim
The dreams of love's young day.

NOW NIGHT HER SABLE CLOUD HAS
SPREAD.

TUNE,—“ *Ye banks and braes.*”

Now night her sable cloud has spread,
And silence dwells at Ferguslie ;
Nae twinkling star now glads the night,
Which cheerless hangs o'er tower and tree.
Alane these fairy scenes I tread,
Beneath cold evening's mirkest gloom,
And mourn a maid I lang had loved,
Whom death has reft in beauties' bloom.

Ye broomy knowes where oft we sat,
When eve had dimm'd declining day ;
Ye shady woods, where still at eve
The mavis pours his mellow lay :
Farewell ! farewell ! to distant lands
Fate wills that I afar must roam,
To seek beyond Atlantic's waves,
Far from these hallowed scenes, a home !

But distant lands will ne'er estrange,
This heart from scenes I'll aye hold dear ;
Where oft I've felt joy's sweetest thrill,
Where now I shed the bitter tear.
Strange hills may rise, and orange groves
With pride their golden fruit display ;
But Ferguslie and her I loved,
Will gild my memory's latest ray.



PAISLEY :
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY J. NEILSON.

ERRATA.

Page 23, line 8th, *for sorrow read arrow.*

- 115, 2d line from bottom, *for flattering read faltering.***
- 121, line 2d, *for churlish read cheerless.***

